

THE  
MUSICAL WORLD,

A MAGAZINE OF  
ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND PRACTICAL,  
AND WEEKLY RECORD OF  
*Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.*

“Ἡ μὲν ἁρμονία ἀόρατόν τι καὶ ἀσώματον,  
καὶ πάγκαλόν τι καὶ θεῖόν ἐστιν.”

PLAT. *Phædo.* sec. xxvi.

Music is a something viewless and incorporeal,  
an all-gracious and a God-like thing.

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IN resuming, from our last number, our advocacy of music as a most important part of the *materiel* of Divine worship, we shall, for the space of a few sentences, depart from the plan of attack which the strictly-musical nature of this journal might appear to impose on us. If, for awhile, we seem to approach the threshold of metaphysical discussion, our readers must pardon us;—we do so only from a consciousness that the intention and effect of church music cannot be fairly canvassed without trenching in some degree on the religion to which it belongs—obviously not in a doctrinal point of view, but merely with regard to the spiritualized condition of mind which may or may not be induced, or at least prepared, by a seasonable and peculiar gratification of the senses. We have hitherto spoken of the claims of music to ecclesiastical patronage rather *as an art*; and to justify such a process we might quote the example of the Christian church at a period when, though not apparently, it was even more absolutely linked with the interests of the state than at present—when, in fact, the head of that church exercised a sovereign governance over all the potentates of the converted world. The church of this country, in those times of Roman supremacy, stood forth as an agent in the great machine of society totally independent of, and frequently superior to, all temporal authority. While professing only the cure of souls, she, by the hospitality of her monasteries and her stated and unfailing provision for the poor, administered to the bodily wants of life; she erected temples—not in the wretchedness of parochial contracts and puritanical affectation, but with an enthusiastic concentration of her powers and resources upon the work before her—temples which, at this day, amid all our learning and refinement, impress themselves on every eye as the *only* works of mens' hands which a creature could devoutly dedicate as worldly

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tabernacles of his Maker's spirit; and these—grand and wonderful as they are—she enriched with sculpture, painting, and music, all in the highest perfection which human science had then attained. With her religious dogmas, her vices, and her superstitions, we have nothing whatever to do;—it only now concerns us that, with revenues not less, certainly, than those of the present state establishment, she provided at once for the spiritual and fleshly necessities of her people, and encouraged architecture, painting, sculpture, and music, *as arts*, and for the love she bore them. From this retrospect and from the practice of the Romish church in our own times, we gather that it has not been considered inconsistent with the duty of a religious and *successful* establishment to cultivate music *as an art*; but since this view of the subject may not be palatable in the present case, we waive it, and seek to establish a due respect for music on other and perhaps higher grounds. No one in his senses would assert for music either more or less importance in Divine worship than we claimed for it in our preceding article;—it is *not*, in itself, *devotion*, but it is the most powerful known agent in bringing the human mind up to that state from which, as one result, devotion proceeds. To illustrate this proposition we need but adduce the effect of any species of excellent music, whether sacred or profane, on a sensitive mind —(an *unsensitive* mind would yield neither devotion nor any other metaphysical result).—We steer clear of such compositions as produce their complete effect only on those hearers who are thoroughly cognizant of the musician's artfulness or power of contrivance, and refer, as a few examples, to Handel's *Israel* either as a whole or in part, the first scene of Mozart's *Don Juan*, the G minor symphony of the same composer, the *Pastoral Symphony*, the *Andante* from the ninth symphony, the prisoner's chorus, the *grave-digging* duet, and the following ter-zetto from the *Fidelio*, and the whole of the mass in C of Beethoven, and lastly —though small in matter, huge in effect—the choral introduced in Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* to the words "Sleepers wake!" we cannot doubt—strange as the notion may appear—that the sensations induced in a rightly-organized temperament by listening to music such as we have named, form a *status* identical with that frame of mind which all church homilies on the subject declare to be indispensable to true acts of devotion. It would be, perhaps, impossible to analyze the conglomerate of feelings stirred up in him who hears, marks, learns and inwardly digests, the master-works of the inspired musician; but, however intense be the delight or *suffering* so experienced, it may be safely affirmed that worldly sensuality forms not the smallest part of it. It is not *devotion*, we admit; but in minds so disposed it is the surest preparative for it. The substance of our argument, then, is contained in two propositions;—1st. the contemplation of anything intrinsically sublime overawes, entrances, and *humbles* the mind,—and 2nd. this *humbleness* of mind is the prime essential of a devotional spirit;—but, as few minds are capable of contemplating, *up to this useful point*, an abstract or metaphysical idea, we contend, as an inevitable conclusion, that if the mental faculties *can* be prepared for, or assisted to, a contemplation of the sublimest of all subjects by such an appeal to the senses as we advocate, such an assistance *ought* to be rendered; and moreover, that, since we have the ex-

press declaration of Scripture, that "the hearts of men are above all things abominably wicked," the neglect of such means is nothing less than sinful in those whose office is to correct that inherent wickedness of spirit, and bring the soul to a state fit for its eternal rest.

Let us now turn again to the public service of our own church. If we look for the prominent characteristic in the *manner* of that service, we at once discover coldness and formality. The churches are filled with fashionably-attired people who go through the ceremonials of private prayer on entrance, and stand, kneel, and respond, in accordance with the directions of the rubric; but place any one, unbound to any particular creed or sect and without prejudices, in the midst of such an assemblage and we dare affirm that, despite the witness of his eyes and ears, he would feel that neither was that house of prayer filled with a truly devotional spirit, nor was the nature of the service *generally* calculated to inspire it. If we look to the matter of our service, we find a form of prayer, eloquent and poetical without question, but, from the circumstances of its invariableness, worn somewhat deeply into the memories of its hearers, and thus greatly diminished in effect; a clerk and a train of children from parochial schools, the hired responders to this liturgy—the former, by his pompous affectation creating absurdity, and the latter, by scrambling and unintelligent utterance evincing that they neither comprehend, nor care for, their employment; an organist who, either from priest-compulsion or natural inability, doles out the most ordinary psalm tunes in the vulgarest manner; and a certain species of discordant noise—by courtesy termed singing—in which children, clerk, and congregation assist the abortive attempts of the organist, and combinedly produce an indecent and tuneless roar which, if intended as a praise-offering to the Deity, is profane, or if counted on as a source of devout feeling in his creatures is ludicrous. Who need wonder, in this ripened age of the world, when, from the increasing *difficulties* of living, the cares and troubles of their earthly state *must* obtrude themselves at all hours on the thoughts of men, that all attempts at spiritualizing their minds without *first* powerfully affecting their senses should fail? Who, then, need affect surprise, while the church wilfully neglects the obvious and necessary process of *interesting* her people, that men should declare they go to worship "because it is fashionable," or "to set a good example to their inferiors," or for any other worldly reason, and should illustrate their professions by yawning through their Sabbath duties, and escaping from their completion as a restraint, rather than leaving them with pleasing anticipations of their recurrence?

How different is the practice of the Romish church in this respect, which with doctrines imposing a tenfold tax on faith, or perhaps, credulity, contrives to maintain her sway and to implant her dogmas in the minds of her people with a seldom-shaken firmness, and this we are convinced, entirely by means of that practical difference! In her churches, striking ceremonies and the arts of painting and music in their utmost excellence are profusely employed, not—as every one in his senses must feel—as elements of devotion, but as inducements to a contemplative frame of mind. Take as an example that part of the mass termed

"The elevation of the Host." We ask any of our Protestant readers who remember it—its gorgeously-arrayed altar and priests to match, its lights, its incense, the breathless silence of the kneeling congregation, and, above all, the gentle stealing in of beautiful music—have not their *senses* been powerfully affected? Have they not, in the midst of their reformed convictions about mummery and idolatry, felt constrained to remain as silent, orderly, and reverend, as those about them? True, this is not *devotion*, but it is, we contend, strongly preparative for it. The people themselves, thus silently kneeling are not, we are convinced, *at that moment*, in a state of devotion: they are under the influence of a sensual but harmless excitement purposely induced for the sake of subsequent impressions. Now, it is very well to talk of "scarlet abominations," but here is an effect produced on the senses, at least, to which no part of our service can furnish a parallel; and if such a process can—and it assuredly does—render the mind unusually sensitive to religious impressions, it should be imitated by our church as far as is consistent with the purity of her doctrines, and to this end, *music*—the chief and most powerful instrument—may be most safely employed. In music there is neither superstition nor idolatry—in music there is neither depravity of mind nor sensuality of body—though music captivate, yet does she not engross the affections—in a word, though a man's heart be filled with music, yet may he have a soul for his God.

That our church neglects and practically reviles music *as an art*, is notorious; that she unwisely despises it as a source of power we have shown; and the next point to which we shall solicit the attention of our readers is the means by which our system of church-music may be improved. This latter subject is of too much importance to be treated of in this place, and we shall therefore refresh ourselves and our readers by deferring it until some future opportunity.

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### MUSICAL BIOGRAPHY.—No. III.

DR. BOYCE.

THIS eminent English musician was born in 1710, in the city of London, at Joyner's Hall, of which his father, a cabinet-maker, was housekeeper. He was educated at St. Paul's School, and began his musical career as a chorister in the metropolitan cathedral, under Charles King, Mus. Bac., then master of the children and almoner of St. Paul's.

When his voice changed, and he in consequence retired from the choir, he was received as an apprentice by Dr. Greene, then organist of St. Paul's. The master and scholar were worthy of each other, and lived in the utmost cordiality and friendship; the master loving the pupil, and the pupil honouring the master, each to the end of his life.

At the expiration of his articles he became organist of Oxford Chapel, in Vere-street, and commenced his profession as a teacher of music. Anxious to extend the theoretical knowledge which he had acquired under Dr. Greene, he became a constant attendant at the scientific lectures of the learned Dr. Pepusch, studying with deep attention the philosophical principles of music, and at the same time becoming intimately acquainted with the works of the early Flemish and Italian composers, as well as those of our own country.

In 1736 he relinquished his situation at Oxford Chapel, on being chosen organist of St. Michael, Cornhill, a place vacated by Kelway, who was chosen to fill a similar situation at St. Martin's in the Fields; and upon the decease of

John Weldon in the same year, he was appointed one of the composers to his Majesty's Chapels Royal. At this period he set "David's Lamentations over Saul and Jonathan," which was performed at the Apollo Society. In 1740, upon the erection of an organ in the church of the united parishes of Allhallows the Great and the Less, in one of which he was born, he was so earnestly intreated by the parishioners to become their organist, that he yielded to their solicitations, notwithstanding his other various engagements.

About the year 1743 he gave to the world his serenata of *Solomon*, which was not only long and justly admired as a masterly and elegant composition, but such parts of it as are yet performed, still afford delight to the lovers of pure music. The air, "Softly blow, O southern breeze," and the duet, "Together let us range the fields," both in this serenata, are well known to all who have the least pretension to be considered as amateurs; the duet particularly. His next publication was "Twelve sonatas, or trios for two violins and a bass,"—"which were longer, and more generally purchased, performed, and admired," says Dr. Burney, "than any productions of the kind in this kingdom, except those of Corelli." They were not only in constant use as chamber music in private concerts, for which they were originally designed, but in our theatres as act tunes, and at the public gardens as favourite pieces, many years.

In the year 1749, at the installation of the Duke of Newcastle as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, Boyce set to music an ode written by Mason, the poet, which was publicly performed; and likewise produced an anthem, suited to the ceremony, which was sung at St. Mary's Church on Commencement Sunday. As an acknowledgment of the merit of these compositions, the university conferred upon him, unsolicited, the degree of doctor in his faculty.

In the same year he set the *Chaplet*, a musical drama written by Moses Mendez a rich Jew stock-broker, for Drury-lane Theatre, which was most favourably received and had a long run, continuing for many years as a stock piece. Not long after the performance of this opera, his friend Mr. Beard brought on the same stage Dryden's *Secular Ode*, set by Dr. Boyce, who originally composed it for Hickford's Room, or the Castle Concert. This piece, though less successful than the former, was, through the zealous exertions of Mr. Beard, many times performed before it was wholly laid aside.

These productions, together with many single songs for Vauxhall and Ranelagh—some of which were collected under the title of "*Lyra Britannica*," and others appeared in the "*British Orpheus*," the "*Vocal Musical Mask*," &c.—spread the name of Dr. Boyce throughout the kingdom as a dramatic and general composer, while his labours for the King's Chapel, for the Feast of the Sons of the Clergy, and for the triennial meetings of the three choirs of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester—at the performances in all which places he constantly presided till his death—established his reputation as an able master of harmony.

On the death of Dr. Greene, in 1755, Dr. Boyce was nominated to the office of master of his Majesty's band of musicians by the Duke of Grafton, then Lord Chamberlain of the household, but was not sworn in till 1757, when the Duke of Bedford held that station; though he performed the functions of the office from the time of his nomination. In 1758 he was appointed one of the organists of the Chapels Royal, in the room of John Travers then lately deceased, when he resigned his two places in the city.

As he advanced in years he became afflicted with the gout, which increasing in the frequency and violence of its attacks, interrupted his pursuits, and at length put a period to his life on the 7th of February, 1779. He was interred in St. Paul's Cathedral, and his obsequies were performed with every mark of affection and respect, many people of rank and distinction attending, together with almost every musician in London at all known for talent or esteemed for character. We have already mentioned Dr. Boyce's secular compositions, and have now to notice those which he produced for the church. These consist of "Fifteen Anthems, together with a *Te Deum* in Jubilate in score," &c., published by his widow in 1780; a "*Collection of Anthems*" (twelve in number), and a "*Short Service in Score*," published by Lavenue, about the year 1803, this music-dealer having purchased the copyright of Dr. Boyce's only son; "*Anthem*,

"Lord thou hast been our refuge," and a second "Anthem, 'Blessed is he that considereth the poor and needy,'" both in full score, and also bought of Mr. Boyce, by Mr. Ashley, the senior, for whom they were published by Bland and Weller, in 1802. To these are to be added the fine duet, "Here shall soft Charity," which came, by purchase, into the same hands, and was printed, in score, shortly after the two grand anthems; and a *Te Deum* and *Jubilate* with six anthems, published in Dr. Arnold's cathedral music.

The first set of anthems contains some of the finest compositions that the English cathedral can boast. Amongst these are "By the waters of Babylon," and "If we believe that Jesus died," either of which is enough to stamp its author as a man of genius. This collection was edited by Dr. Philip Hayes.

The second set is certainly not equal to the first, the best of Dr. Boyce's anthems having been previously chosen for insertion in the collection of 1780. But in the set later published is one, "O, where shall wisdom be found?" of such extraordinary merit, that we cannot help expressing some surprise that it should have been rejected by Dr. Hayes.

The anthem, "Lord, thou hast been our refuge," composed in 1755 for the Feast of the Sons of the Clergy, and still annually performed in St. Paul's on the same occasion, is alone sufficient to transmit the name of Boyce to the latest posterity. Whether we look at the grandeur of the general design, the expression of the words, the beauty and fitness of the melodies, or the ingenuity and deep science which every page of it exhibits, we are equally bound to admire it as one of the finest works that the art has ever produced. The second anthem, "Blessed is He," composed for the same purpose as the first, is a very masterly production; though it will not bear a comparison with the elder offspring of the author's mind.

The duet, "Here shall soft Charity repair," is as popular now as ever; perhaps more so, for music is better understood at present than formerly. The miscellaneous songs are rare, and at present exist only in the libraries of a few collectors. Some of them are remarkable for pathos and beauty, and their revival would gratify all who are not governed by fashion or by prejudice.

This memoir would be incomplete were we not to mention, in terms of unqualified praise, the splendid work, in three volumes folio, published in 1760 by Dr. Boyce, under the title of "Cathedral Music, being a Collection in Score of the most valuable and Useful Compositions for that service, by the several English Masters of the last Two Hundred Years." This work is in every way an honour to the country; while it is no less a proof of the laborious research and acute discrimination of the editor, than of his enterprising and liberal spirit, for it was brought out at an enormous risk, and without a chance of any commensurate profit. That Dr. Boyce anticipated from it nothing in the shape of gain appears from the concluding words of his preface:—"and if there should arise to me any further benefit than the reputation of perpetuating these valuable remains of my ingenious countrymen, it will be more than I expect."

The history of this work, which ought to be termed a national one, may be related in a few words:—Many inaccuracies having crept into the books of the various choirs, Dr. Alcock, of Lichfield, issued proposals, about the year 1735, for printing some of the services and anthems of the English reformed church, in order to correct the errors then existing in them, and to preserve them from future injuries. Hereupon Dr. Greene, being at that time the most influential man in his profession, holding many lucrative appointments, and finding himself in a state of affluence by the death of his brother, a sergeant-at-law, from whom he inherited a clear estate of £700 per annum, publicly announced his attention of presenting to each of the cathedrals one correct copy in score, at his own expense, of the best ecclesiastical works of the most celebrated English composers. In consequence whereof, Dr. Alcock abandoned his design, and generously gave all the materials he had amassed to his rival. Dr. Greene made a considerable progress in the work; but, about 1755, finding his health in a declining state, he transferred it to his pupil and friend, who completed it in a manner worthy of his master and himself, and sent into the world a collection that proves the ancient English musicians to have been at least equal to their foreign contemporaries.



## ON ACCENT.

ACCENTUATION, either in language or music, has the same foundation, the same qualities and the same objects; being intended in both to give perspicuity, a proper distribution and blending of light and shade, and a lively and heartfelt expression of feeling. These objects are effected in both, 1st by different duration (long and short in various degrees); 2nd, by different strength and weakness in the most diversified gradations; and 3rd, by different height of tone. We may, therefore, in general, define accent as the measured distinction of syllables in words or of musical tones. This is effected in part by the intellect, and, thus being made a fixed idea, receiving a distinct meaning and valuation, in which it recurs at regular intervals, is subjected to certain laws; but is partly done also by the feelings, which make it changeable and subject to the proposed position and to the disposition of the performer, and thus cannot be regulated by distinct and unvarying rules. If the accentuation is equally effected by both, if it is satisfactory to the general demands of the intellect and to the peculiar qualities of the feelings, it is the best in speech as well as in singing, or instrumental performance.

It will be evident that this is a matter of much importance. By the difference of accentuation, the different character of whole nations as well as of individuals may be discerned. It shows whether there is a preponderance of intellect or of feeling, or whether cultivation has so far progressed as to combine both, and to what degree this is done. There are three different kinds of accent, 1st, the grammatical, or, in music, the accent of time; 2nd, the rhythmic; 3rd, the depicting, or the accent of feeling.

The grammatical accent distinguishes long and short syllables, which are subjected to certain laws. The part of the grammar which explains these laws is called prosody. No composer or singer ought to be unacquainted with it in those languages in which he composes or sings, for faults against it will otherwise easily occur, and are always offensive to a refined ear, nay, even to every one that is at all intimately acquainted with the language. In music, this affects the division into bars, their subdivision, their time, and their accented or unaccented parts. It is founded on the intellect, and cannot be neglected without sacrificing the distinctness of the connection.

The rhythmic accent distinguishes the symmetrical progressions of smaller or greater portions of words or tones combined with each other; these may move in regular time, and generally do, but not necessarily, of which the choral and the recitative are an evidence. The length and shortness of the grammatical accent must form the basis of this also, as well as some resemblance to it, in the change of accented or unaccented, that is, of stronger or feebler marked proportions of tones. Rhythmic divisions in music may be compared to those in verse; they are sometimes longer and sometimes shorter than the measure of time, which may be compared to the "feet" of the measure of verse. Rhythmical divisions have as much regularity on the one hand as grammatical ones, but on the other hand they admit of the most peculiar combinations, chiefly regulated by the laws of symmetry. In regard to the composer of a musical work of art, they are founded on a refined imagination, that is, on an imagination regulated by the intellect, while, in the performer, they are, by their correct representation of the composition, a proof of intellectual discernment and of artistic feeling. This accent is often confounded with the former, with which it certainly sometimes coincides, particularly in time; but it is nevertheless not the same, but different in kind; if this was not the case, then all the musicians who could play in correct time would be able to produce that effect which the Prague bands eminently possess, whose dance music involuntarily moves us by its rhythmic power.

The accent of feeling is different from the two foregoing, animating the whole with its peculiar breath of fresh, inspired life. It is the freest, quickest, deepest accent, the peculiar creation of each performer, although the correct method in it is pointed out by the composer according to his feeling, but not so distinctly

and completely as in the other accents. It is only by the most intimate union of the three, each in its full play without suppressing the others, that a perfectly beautiful image can be brought before our senses, and, through them, before our soul; they must mutually give force or life and spirit to each other, and by their combined, well-regulated, but yet free action, give the full effect to their object.

The first fundamental accent of the music of our days is that of time. It may be compared to the outlines of a picture not yet filled up. As defective drawing in a picture, so does an irregular, unequal fluctuation in the time spoil the effect. It is certainly allowed to add a little to one part of the bar and take it from the other; but the whole must be so balanced in the proportions of the different parts of the bar, that the correctness of time is not disturbed, and that it does not appear affected, and neither frequent nor without any cause for it, which cause must originate by a certain necessity in the other two kinds of accent; that is, it must be either conformed to the feelings or dictated by intellectual motives. For keeping the time too equal, painfully steady, automaton like, will make the performance stiff, even to rawness.

The accents of time must therefore generally not be marked so strong or decided as the rhythmical accents, and, above, all, as the accents of the divisions of rhythmical phrase, which latter bring the other two (the accents of time and feeling) mostly into a happy union, by subjecting them to their dominion. The accents of time are to be considered most necessarily in vocal compositions, in which they generally coincide with the grammatical accents; for, necessarily, accented syllables must fall upon the accented parts of the bar, and unaccented ones on the unaccented parts. A flagrant example of faults against this rule is given by Cherubini, whose musical genius soars otherwise so high above common composers, in his Latin masses and requiems, where we find the following accents: *benedicimus, gloriam, filius, &c.*; this will always have a bad effect. The rhythmic accent, the intellectual mediator between the two others, is particularly adapted for a preponderance, giving life to the accent of time by its modifications, and to that of feeling, steadiness, by confining it within certain bounds. Whoever knows how to give to the senses the best perception of the rhythmical phrases—of their divisions, and therefore of the separation of the different members, and of the symmetry of those corresponding to each other, will produce the strongest effect and be able even to conceal emptiness in other respects. This is the chief merit and charm of Rossini, as also of Strauss.

The colouring of the single tones and phrases, the blending of these tints, their happy shading, is not altogether arbitrary or without rule; but it can from its nature be the least completely prescribed and exhausted by rules. Every artist pours his own soul into the tones; he gives them his own colouring; the composer can only give hints by the numberless signs which we have in our musical language, all of which, however, have but a relative value, and the true and beautiful accentuation will, notwithstanding, be left to the individual poetic imagination of the performer, whose chief teacher must be nature herself. The expression of one of these accents does not entitle a performer to the appellation of an artist; they must all three be intimately blended in him, as mind, soul, and body together only form a single complete man.

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### ON THE QUACKERY OF MUSICIANS.

BY M. FETIS.

If I am not greatly mistaken, the mere perusal of the above title will excite unpleasant emotions. It will be asked, who is the writer that is so unwise, so mischievous, so insane as to divulge our secrets? and what advantage can he expect from exposing our defects to the public? Gentle reader, be not alarmed! This is no personal satire, but a picture of which every one is at perfect liberty to appropriate to himself just as much as he may deem fit. No one is individually pointed at, and should a few traits of resemblance be discovered I am not to blame. Should any name be introduced, it shall be that of some one of



too remote a date for him to complain. You have only to fancy that they are portraits, the originals of which are no longer in existence.

From a natural love of the marvellous, mankind have always been induced to despise what is purely reasonable, just, and simple. Such is their disposition in this respect, that, even with the certainty of being deceived, they eagerly court illusions. The universal existence of this unfortunate propensity has, down to our own day, made the fortune of every artful pretender. History is filled with the tricks of quacks in politics, religion, and science, and with the frightful evils which they have produced. The quackery of men of letters and of artists has, at least, the advantage of being merely ridiculous; and if it sometimes enable mediocrity to triumph over real merit, posterity revenges the injustice of contemporaries, and assigns to everything its true value.

With respect to music, we find, by its history that, in the remotest times, it had its quacks. The fictions of Orpheus taming wild beasts, and of Amphion building the walls of Thebes by the magic of his lyre, originated in the vanity of a people ambitious of ascribing a divine origin to everything that belonged to them. Timotheus exciting or allaying at will the anger of the conqueror of Darius is a nursery tale on which, however, sober-minded men have grafted long dissertations. There are writers also, who, for many centuries, gravely repeated the history of the quackery of Pythagoras, who, after having listened to the sounds produced on the anvil by the hammers of several blacksmiths, is said to have had the hammers weighed in order to ascertain the gravity or acuteness of their sounds; a story which betrays a gross ignorance of the laws of physics.

The quackery of appropriating to oneself the merit of others is not of more recent date. Nero, who gloried in passing for a skilful musician, was often guilty of this, either by seizing upon the works of professed musicians who dared not complain, or by mingling in their concerts, and arrogating to himself the applause they had received. He was the first, too, who employed those hirelings whom we denominate *claqueurs*; the only difference between him and our artists is, that they pay for applause, and that he put to death all who withheld from him their praise.

The sixteenth century, so prolific in great men, gave birth to many able musicians. It was during this century that the theory of music was greatly advanced, and the foundation laid of that which is now generally followed. It was in this same century that the opera was invented; in short, it was at this period that Palestrina, Marenzio, Tallis, Birde, and many others too numerous to mention, gave to music an impulse which still continues to be felt. At the period in question flourished many men of genius, composers who instinctively followed their happy inspirations; and there were also many who, finding it impossible to invent, depreciated the master-pieces of their time, and affected to prefer the ancient music of the Greeks, of which they could have no idea, and which they pretended to draw from oblivion to substitute in the place of the works of their contemporaries. The writings of this period abound with reveries on this subject, and false views of science, which found many partisans and were injurious to the progress of art. Some able men, such as Vincent Galileo and even Zarlino, were not exempt from this quackery, which often destroys the merit of their otherwise useful works. Doni, who possessed real knowledge, was the most ardent champion of this pretended music of antiquity, of which, however, he could not produce a single phrase, and passed part of his life in extolling it at the expense of the great artists who then flourished in Italy.

Scarcely were rational views restored on this subject, than another species of quackery arose, and gave a temporary *éclat* to a fresh class of pretenders. Attempts had been made in the schools to reduce the principles of harmony to as simple rules as possible. Among other things, the progression of intervals had particularly attracted the attention of professors; and, as these progressions were few in number, rules of practice were deduced from them which had the advantage of being easily acquired, and of affording composers the means of attaining a chaste and elegant style. Suddenly Rameau, who had become a good musician by this method, conceived the idea of grounding the theory of music on natural phenomena; and, though possessing but a very slight knowledge

of mathematics, summoned calculation and geometrical principles to his aid for purpose of raising a system which had nearly proved the ruin of music in France. Figures were heaped up by him in obscure books to establish arithmetical and geometrical proportions between the intervals, and to deduce those proportions from the resonance of heavy sonorous bodies.

No sooner was it proposed to call mathematics to the aid of music than every mathematician thought himself born a musician, and began boldly to discourse on an art while ignorant even of its first principles. D'Alembert, who could not distinguish a major from a minor third, composed his Elements of Music according to the principles of Rameau; La Ballière, Jamard, and Serre of Geneva, who were nearly as destitute of ear, also entered the lists. It is singular that Rameau, displeased that all his ideas were not adopted by his commentators, reprimanded them for wishing to correct his work; and that D'Alembert, who wrote a book to demonstrate the truth of Rameau's system, ultimately proclaimed this very system erroneous, asserting that sonorous bodies can of themselves give no idea of proportion.

Nor is this all; J. J. Rousseau, who was scarcely more of a geometrician than a musician, but whose natural taste was tolerably pure, took for the groundwork of his Musical Dictionary the follies of the system of the fundamental bass, preferring it, as he said, to theory of Tartini, but of which he did not comprehend a tittle more, and which, in fact, is of no great value. A pedant, who was neither a musician, an arithmetician, nor a man of taste, having turned over the leaves of Rameau's book felt convinced that he was become a great harmonist, although, by his own confession, unacquainted with a note at forty. This pedant, the Abbé Roussier, went still farther than other quacks in science, and heaped figures upon figures to demonstrate that Durante, Leo, Pergolesi, and Jomelli were pitiful beings who understood nothing of their art, and that if they did produce pleasing airs and good harmony it was merely through a blind and unreflecting instinct. Though the good abbé ought in charity to have been consigned to the care of a physician, still he gained warm partisans, became the organ of a sect, and at length completely turned the heads of the French musicians.

Music is, at once, both an art and a science; by its results it is the one, and by its processes the other. As a science, independently of natural qualifications, it demands long study, not from the difficulty of comprehending it, but that, to be useful, the knowledge acquired must become habitual. Hence the necessity of beginning this study at an early age, to prevent its interfering with the imagination at the time it begins to unfold. It is the duty of a professor to conceal from his pupils the disgust that may sometimes arise from occasional difficulties; but, so far from doing this, it seems as if the generality of harmonists took a pleasure in making the science appear an inextricable labyrinth, either to enhance the merit of their own knowledge, or from a fear of increasing the number of the initiated. There is nothing more curious than the air of mystery in which they enwrap themselves when questioned on this subject. It would seem as though some occult science was in question, for which all the resources of the human mind were hardly sufficient. Take the language which the celebrated Fux puts into the mouth of the master and pupil, in his *Gradus ad Parnassum*.

*Pupil.* I am come to you, sir, for the purpose of learning the art of musical composition.

*Master.* You know not, my friend, to what you expose yourself. Doubtless, you are unacquainted with the vast extent of the ocean on which you wish to embark. *Were you to live to the age of Nestor you would still have an immensity before you.* I know that every condition has its difficulties; no one here below is exempt from troubles; but I am convinced that the profession of a composer has infinitely more than any other.

It would appear that, in spite of his German good-nature, old Fux was not exempt from the quackery of which I have just been speaking.

If learning has its quacks, so has ignorance. Paradoxical as this may appear, it is only necessary to cast an eye on what is going forward at the present day, to be convinced that what I advance is true. Louis XIV. called the Duke of Orleans *fanfaron des vices*; we would remark, by the way, that the sort of swag-

gering which, during the regency, gave the *ton* at court, had something passable about it; now-a-days a musician deems it a part of good taste to know nothing of what was learned by Handel, Haydn, and Mozart; nor would a man pass for a genius unless he made an open mockery of these good people, for submitting, as they did, in their simplicity, to the trammels of art. But, as it is not possible for a man of genius to write much, and not acquire by himself some positive knowledge, he puts gross solecisms in his works, in order to preserve that air of independence which sits so well upon fine natural talents. What, I would ask, is all this, if it be not quackery?

There is another species of quacks, who, without denying the utility of science, affirm that nothing is more easy of acquirement, and engage to communicate it off-hand, as if it were merely a move in a game of chess, or one of the rules of whist. How many books are filled with these deceitful promises, and yet contain nothing that we wish to find! How many schools are opened with *éclat* and pompous pretensions, and quickly deserted by the dupes whom quackery has made! Nor let it be thought that, seduced by the appearance of an improved method, professors are under an illusion as to these pretended discoveries; there is not one who does not know that long usage alone can give that facility which the practice of a difficult art requires. No, though born only to live in obscurity, their wish is to obtain a name and a fortune; the progress of the art and the improvement of their pupils are the last things that enter their thoughts.

Without doubt, the present method of teaching admits of improvement; for, of all sciences, music is that in which the language is most defective; and this amelioration ought naturally to be expected from those academies which were established with a view of forwarding the interests of the art; but academicians are too fond of their ease, and assert that academies were instituted for the purpose of doing nothing. Yet, when any innovations are in agitation, the reunion of distinguished artists acts as a public security: it ought not, therefore, to excite surprise, if the inventors of new methods are seen submitting them to the examination of learned societies. But, unfortunately, there is, in societies of this description, a sort of quackery called *esprit de corps*. The operation of this spirit is such, that if a member himself is occupied with the object in question—if he has written or published something of the same kind, the fraternity think that their honour is concerned in opposing anything which might be better, and every means is employed to stifle the voice of truth.

It is rare to meet with a disinterested love of the art, a desire for its advancement, and a kindly feeling towards beginners in the mind of musicians, or, indeed, of artists in general. They are exclusively occupied rather in repairing the breaches constantly made, or supposed to be made in their reputation by the success of others. With them, self-love, the first principle of emulation, degenerates into egotism; and, provided they obtain places, wealth, and honour, every thing appears correct. But the appearance of a new candidate for public fame, even when not prejudicial to themselves, throws them into the greatest alarm; and of them it may be more especially said, that they shrink from the expansion of others—for no sooner does any one, hitherto unknown, exhibit an appearance of talent, than immediately all are in consternation; his name, disposition, and character are not disclosed; he may be a man of unblemished integrity—no matter—he must be an enemy for he has dared to emerge from obscurity! From this time, every contrivance is employed to his prejudice, or at least to retard his progress; and the same journals which are besieged by these men to trumpet their own praises, overflow with opinions disparaging the new aspirant; and this is more readily done, because he is unknown, and to be unknown is an unpardonable fault with journalists, who like ready-made opinions. The same arts that have been resorted to, to obtain applause for themselves, are employed to effect the downfall of a rival. But, as real talent must ultimately triumph, the new artist in his turn becomes eminent; and, having now soared above opposition, he is enrolled in the brotherhood, and then pursues towards others the same line of conduct of which he might himself have been the victim.

How then, it may be asked, is it possible, that those who give themselves such unnecessary trouble, should not perceive that their illiberal proceedings are un-

masked by time? Injudicious criticisms and unmerited praise disappear before that master-test which alone assigns to everything its proper place. Let no one, then, deprive himself of the noble gratification of benevolence, or withhold the support due to those who are pursuing the same career; and should he encounter talent superior to his own, let the glory at least be his of having afforded it all the protection in his power.

#### REVIEW.

"Another Year of Life has Flown;" "The Myrtle Flower," songs composed by H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent.

The published doings of musical amateurship in this country are so often visited upon us in forms ruthlessly offensive to taste, science, and feeling, that these title-pages—we confess it—inspired us with no slight misgivings. We could but reason of the future from the past and so anticipated, as usual, a most distressing perusal, with the additional horror that, in this case, both gallantry and loyalty forbade the utterance of our feelings, and constrained us to speak well of that which it were neither polite to evade nor discreet to censure. Great, however, was our relief and, we may add, delight, when, on turning over the pages, we discovered two very sweet compositions—simple, it is true; but elegant in their simplicity. They have interesting and thoroughly vocal melodies, their accompaniments are of musician-like manufacture, and they altogether remind us strongly of that pretty model of form in song-writing—the German *Lied*. Of the two we prefer the former as containing the greater amount of musical idea, but we recommend them *both* to our fair readers as well worthy of their sweet voices.

These little songs have put us upon reflecting that there is a strange discrepancy betwixt the evident musical feeling of her Royal Highness and the indifference to the merits—the *very great merits*—of British musicians, in the most elevated circles of the realm; perhaps the official court newsmen can explain it.

### MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

#### METROPOLITAN.

HER MAJESTY gave a concert on Monday evening at Buckingham Palace, which was numerously attended by the foreign ministers, the nobility and gentry. The following was the programme:—

##### PART I.

Trio—(Mme. Persiani, Signori Mario and Tamburini)—Murena il genitor—(L'Esule di Roma).....	Donizetti.
Duo—(Mme. Grisi and Signor Lablache)—Con pazienza—(Il Fanatico).....	Fioravanti.
Aria—(Signor Rubini)—Nel Giardino—(Adelaide).....	Beethoven.
Duo—(Signori Tamburini and Lablache)—Qui fra voi—(Elisa e Claudio).....	Mercadante.
Aria—(Mme. Persiani)—Al par della Rosa.....	Pacini.
Quartetto—(Mesdames Grisi and Persiani, Signori Rubini and Mario)—Se fede—(Il Bravo).....	Mercadante.

##### PART II.

Trio—(Signori Rubini, Tamburini, and Lablache)—Troncar suoi di—(Guillaume Tell).....	Rossini.
Aria—(Mme. Grisi)—Vivi ingrato—(Roberto Devereux).....	Donizetti.
Duo—(Mme. Persiani and Signor Lablache)—Per piacere alla signora—(Turco in Italia).....	Rossini.
Serenade—(Signor Mario)—Jusqu'à toi.....	Schubert.
Duo—(Mme. Grisi and Signor Mario)—Cedi al destin—(Medea).....	Mayer.
Quintetto—(Mesdames Grisi and Persiani, Signori Rubini, Tamburini, and Lablache)—Sento oh Dio—(Così fan tutte).....	Mozart.

M. Costa presided at the pianoforte.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Mdlle. Cerito's benefit took place last Thursday evening, on which occasion the opera-house was crowded to excess. Rossini's *Barbiere di Siviglia* was the opera selected. It is useless to descant on the merits of this opera, for every note in it is familiar even to the misomusical portion of the opera-going community. All is delightful, from the exquisite melody of "Ecco ridente il cielo," "Una voce," the music lesson "Buona sera," down to "Zitti,

zitti piano." Lablache looked as if he were sporting about in his element in this his buffo character. Tamburini skipped about as *Leperello*, a rôle which was perhaps never better enacted by any *artiste* on our stage, and this is saying much considering the many splendid singers who have performed the duties of *Leperello*. Rubini's *Almaviva* was rather tame, but in the singer we forget the actor, and loud and frequent were the applauses bestowed upon him on several occasions, especially after his "Ecce ridente il cielo," and the famous duo with Tamburini, "All, idea di quel metallo," which was exquisitely sung. Grisi's *Rosina* was perfect. In the musical lesson she gave Rhodes's air, with variations, with that faultless and brilliant execution and enunciation for which she is so justly celebrated. The *Toreador*, or bull-fighter, was the ballet; the most prominent features in which have been copied from a little piece which was brought out last winter with great success by Mdle. Dejazet at the Palais Royal. There is some very pretty dancing, especially a *pas de quatre* executed by Cerito, Pierson, Guerra, and Gouriet, and in a masquerade scene, representing gardens most brilliantly illuminated, there is some exquisite dancing by Cerito, and a grand national dance is given by the company at the masquerade. Cerito then appears in a cachuca-looking dress, and dances a Spanish dance which resembles the cachuca, but is inferior to it in every respect. The music is not so inspiring, nor are the attitudes so graceful. Cerito, however, displayed her wonted grace and agility throughout the whole of the dance. At the close of the performance there was a tremendous shower of garlands, verses, and bouquets. The *danseuse* gratefully bowed her thanks to the audience, and tripped off with as many garlands and bouquets as she, assisted by Guerra, could carry. But she was compelled to return and once more tender her mute but expressive assurances of gratitude for the honour which was conferred on her.

On Tuesday evening *Otello* was performed; Rubini enacting the principal character, and singing as nobody but Rubini ever could or will sing. The gentle *Desdemona* was excellently played by Grisi. Of all the cantatrices who have undertaken this rôle, none, perhaps, ever appeared in it with greater effect than Grisi—*y compris* Malibran. Her "Assisa al piè d'un salice," and the "Pregbiera" were splendidly sung. Tamburini, as *Iago*, looked a thorough-paced villain; his conception of this character appears to be remarkably just, and his singing in it is perfection. Lablache, as the *Padre*, was magnificent.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—Beethoven's *Sinfonia Eroica* was played for the first time at this theatre on Monday night, and was executed in a most masterly style. The delightful nature of this composition is known to every admirer of Beethoven, and all real lovers of music were thus enabled, perhaps for the first time, to hear it executed by ninety-eight performers. The scherzo movement was loudly applauded, as was also Strauss's celebrated *Bouquet des Dames*, which very narrowly escaped an *encore*. The theatre was densely crowded.

MISS VINNING'S CONCERTS.—The concerts given by the friends of the "Infant Sappho," at the Polytechnic Institution, appear to increase in attraction as they draw towards a close. On Monday and yesterday evenings the room was literally crowded, the little creature having evidently produced an "impression" upon the musical public. She sang, as usual, in time, tune, and with extraordinary expression for one so infantile.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—We attended this theatre on Tuesday evening, to witness the first appearance of Mr. David Rees, a gentleman much esteemed in Dublin. He is an actor of expression, and partakes of the characteristics of three schools—the Munden, the Liston, and the Reeve. Of these the Reeve predominates, and the Liston is little more than a shadow; but there is so far a resemblance both to Liston and Munden, that the humour of Mr. Rees in a great measure depends upon a countenance naturally droll, and his effects upon a by-play which brings that drollery into irresistible action, as he looks and lingers over every point in his part. He is an excellent low comedian. In his part of the *King's Gardener* he kept the house completely in a roar; his dry manner of making "flowery" speeches, horticultural orations, and pleasant puns, proving highly effective. His parody upon the rose was twice encored, and a new version was given with each repetition. Miss P. Horton enacted the part of the



gardener's wife, and introduced a favourite song, which was loudly encoored. Rees was called for at the conclusion of the piece, and made his bow to the audience; and the result of the favourable impression he had made became further manifest when he appeared as *Crack*, in *The Turnpike Gate*. Here he displayed a sharper humour, and was much applauded, particularly in his song of "Tow, row, row," which he was compelled to sing twice. He made his *débüt* prudently, and refrained from, presuming upon his Dublin reputation, taking too many liberties here. We have no doubt, therefore, he will be infinitely more droll as an established favourite than as a stranger. In *The Waterman*, Harrison and Miss Rainforth both acquitted themselves excellently; the former being called upon to repeat "The Bay of Biscay, O." The house was crammed to excess, and the play-going portion of the public will consider Mr. Rees a great acquisition to the theatre, in his particular department.

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS at Drury-Lane terminate this week. Their success has induced Eliasion to become lessee of the theatre, which will be devoted to operas and ballets.

MUSICAL MOVEMENTS.—Grisi, Ernesta Grisi, Tamburini and Benedict, commence a tour, on Monday, at Worcester; Liszt, Mori, Lavenu, and Mdle. de Varny, on the same day at Chichester; and Persiani, Rubini and Puzzi, on Wednesday, at Reading. The latter party is also engaged to perform at Northampton, in aid of the funds for the erection of a new church in that town.

J. B. CRAMER departs for the continent this week: he leaves behind him a volume of new studies for the pianoforte, which will be shortly published by subscription, and dedicated by permission to H. R. H. Prince Albert.

AUBER'S NEW OPERA, *Zanetta*, lately produced with great success at the Opera Comique in Paris, has been purchased by Messrs. Addison and Beale.

A NEW OPERA is now performing at Milan, entitled *Il Templario*, the composition of Ottone Nicolai. It was first produced at Genoa, and at both cities has met with the most enthusiastic reception.

BEETHOVEN'S WILL has been deposited with Mr. Beale, of Regent Street, for the purpose of disposal, for the benefit of some of the relatives of the great composer. The British Museum should surely be the receptacle for so interesting a relic.

### NOTICE.

The Title and Index to the Thirteenth Volume will appear with the last number of the month.

### LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

#### PIANOFORTE.

Classical Practice, no. 3, Haydn, op. 70, edited by W. S. Bennett	Coventry.
Kreutzer.—Nachtlinger	Ever.
Gluck.—Iphigenia	Ditto.
Alceste	Ditto.
Armida	Ditto.
Mehul.—Joseph	Ditto.
Les deux Aveugles	Ditto.
Burgmüller.—Variations on the 'Romanesca'	Chappell.
'Cairo' quadrilles, solo and duet	Wessel.
Bertini.—Collection of Studies, edited by C. Potter, books 4 and 5, 'Indispensable' for small hands	Ditto.
Le Bouquet de Strauss, edited by C. Rudolphus	Ditto.
Auber.—Overture, 'Leocadio'	Z. T. Purday.
Rohner, G.—Six German Waltzes	Ditto.
Weippert, G.—Stars of Fashion, a new set of quadrilles	Ditto.
(Duets.)	
Weippert, G.—Echo of the bands quadrilles, sets 1 to 7	Ditto.
Stars of fashion	Ditto.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

Auber.—Overture 'Leocadio', for piano-forte, flute, violin and violoncello	Z. T. Purday.
ditto, and as a duet for 2 performers	Ditto.
Emiliani.—Andante and rondo for violin, with accompaniment of pianoforte	Boosey.
Air with variations, ditto ditto	Ditto.
London Promenade Concerts, no. 15, 'Cairo' quadrilles, for orchestra and quintet	Wessel.
Rudolphus.—Selection of Italian operatic melodies for two cornets, nos. 1 and 2	Ditto.
Mine's 'Aux Amateurs,' fantasias for piano and violoncello, no. 1, on 'Norma,' no. 2, on 'La tete de bronze'	Ditto.

#### VOCAL.

Negri.—Il canto delle alpi; arietta	Chappell.
La sera d'estate	Ditto.
Guglielmo.—Damm, pace O, mio pensiero; romanza	Ditto.
Amanti, amanti; ditto	Ditto.
Per l'ore tacite; duettino	Ditto.
Orsini.—Il Fiore; romanza	Boosey.
Il paragone; duettino per Camera	Ditto.
Clinton.—Kate, remember me	Wessel.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have not forgotten our promise, though circumstances have delayed its fulfilment so soon as we had anticipated. The 'Limb of the Law,' is truly a 'sad dog,' but we can assure our correspondent we pity much more than fear him.

## THE ECCENTRIC SNUFF-

TAKER.

Should trade be dull and times go rough,  
Oh! give me then a pinch of snuff;  
Give me my box a pinch to take,  
E'en when I'm pleased for pleasure's sake.  
When fortune's frowns disturb my mind,  
And friends appear to grow unkind;  
Relief I seek within my box,  
My system is quite orthodox.  
When a true friend perchance I meet,  
I cheerfully his person greet,  
A hearty "how d'ye do?" takes place,  
When lo! my snuff-box shows its face.  
My pulveriferous box supplies  
A recipe for weakly eyes;  
That man must be a silly goose  
Who thoughtlessly condemns its use.  
If my proboscis could but speak,  
'Twould often say the dose repeat;  
Each grateful sneeze and titillation  
Excites a frequent iteration,  
Then here's my glass, in which I toast  
Success to that which I love most,  
Reader, I pray, don't think me bluff—  
Mark well the hint!—'tis GRIMSTONE'S SNUFF.

April 27. W. H. H. E. Cooper's Arms, Bristol.  
To Mr. W. Grimstone,

39, Broad-street, Bloomsbury.  
A few cases of sight restored by Grimstone's Snuff:—J. B. Lachfield, Esq., Whitehall, and Thatched-house Tavern, cured of ophthalmia: (read his letter attested by G. J. Guthrie, Esq., F.R.S., &c.) G. W. M. Reynolds, Esq., 36, Upper Stamford-street, London, cured of excruciating pains in the head by using this snuff. George Smith, Esq., 6, York-place, Kentish-town, weakness and dimness of sight cured by its use; Feb. 10, 1840. Mrs. Eliz. Robson, aged 66, 19, Bell-street, Edgware-road, cured of ophthalmia and deafness; March 23, 1840. Mrs. Ann Cole, aged 69, 7, Skinner's Alms-houses, Mile-end, sight restored, head-ache and deafness cured, Jan. 9, 1840. This celebrated Eye Snuff is manufactured from highly aromatic herbs. The above is only a part of the many thousand cures effected by the constant use of this delightful restorative! It is sold in canisters at 1s. 3d., 2s. 4d., 4s. 4d., 8s., and 15s. 6d. each. None are genuine that have not the signature of the Inventor, W. GRIMSTONE, and bearing the patronage of the Queen's arms, his late Majesty, H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, and authorised by the Lords of the Treasury.  
"Loyal je serai durant ma vie"

## THORN'S TALLY HO! SAUCE.

for fish, game, stews, chops, cutlets, made-dishes, and all general purposes, is the richest and most economical sauce now in use; imparting a zest not otherwise acquired. In bottles 2s. and 4s.; warranted in all climates.

'We have tried (crede experto) Thorn's Tally-ho! sauce, and can pronounce it exquisite. We know nothing of the ingredients; that we leave to such as are more 'curious in fish sauce' than we are; but we speak to the richness of its flavour, which, to our thinking, would create an appetite under the ribs of death.'—Satirist.

THORN'S POTTED YARMOUTH BLOATERS, now in high perfection. The increasing demand for this delicious preparation proves beyond all doubt it is far superior to anything of the kind ever yet offered to the public, for sandwiches, toasts, biscuits, &c., and as an excellent relish for wine. In pots 1s. and 2s. each, warranted in all climates.

'We have tasted Thorn's Potted Bloaters for toast, sandwiches, &c., it is indeed quite a delicacy, and none of our friends proceeding to India or the colonies should, on any account, be without a supply;—we certainly give it a decided preference over anything of the kind that ever came under our notice.'—Alexander's East India Magazine.

CAUTION.—The proprietor being aware of several spurious compositions that are daily offered to the public under the name of Potted Bloaters, begs them to observe his signature, A. THORN, on the side of the Pot, without which it cannot be genuine.—Wholesale Warehouse, 223, High Holborn.

Just published, price 2s.

## YE CHIMES, YE MOURNFUL CHIMES.—No. 1. of a series of Original

Ballads by the Rev. ———; adapted to favourite melodies. Dedicated by permission to Mrs. C. J. Hoare, Close, Winchester.

Edited and published by B. Long, Winchester; sold by Cramer, and Co.; D'Almaine; and Z. T. Purday, &c., London.

## IL TEMPLARIO, by Nicolai, and

ZANETTA, by Auber. The above new operas are published by Cramer, Addison, and Beale, 201, Regent-street.

## CHARLES NICHOLSON'S FLUTE MANUFACTORY,

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To Professors and Amateurs of the Flute.

T. PROWSE, sole Maker of FLUTES for the late CHARLES NICHOLSON, takes the present opportunity of thanking AMATEURS and PROFESSORS for their kind recommendations, and at the same time assures them that on no account is any Flute allowed to leave the Manufactory until it has been carefully tried and proved. These instruments, for years past, having met with so decided a preference over all others, especially amongst Professors, is sufficient to establish their superiority. As regards Tone, correct Intonation, and being well in Tune, these Instruments stand unrivalled. The method of seasoning the wood adopted by T. P., and which has met with such gratifying results, will justify him in warranting them to stand in any climate. The greatest care is observed with the bore of the Instrument, so as to prevent any irregularities, independently of the finish, which defies competition. The prices vary according to the ornaments attached, from 10 Guineas, upwards, and are made with large, small, or middle-sized holes. Also please to observe, that in consequence of the celebrity of the above Instruments, it has induced many unprincipled persons to stamp the name of NICHOLSON on Flutes of their make, by which means the Public are imposed upon. To prevent which, a Certificate accompanies each Instrument, signed by the Maker, THOMAS PROWSE,—to counterfeit which is forgery.

P.S. Every Instrument is finished under the immediate superintendence of T. P., who may be consulted at the Manufactory daily.

**CHAMBER MUSIC.—R. COCKS** and Co., Musicellers in Ordinary to her Most Gracious Majesty, respectfully inform the Musical Public, that in consequence of Messrs. Hill and Co. (late Monzani and Hill) having declined the publishing branch of their establishment, they have purchased of that firm the entire Catalogue of Septet, Quintett, and Orchestral Music, all the Flute Trios and Duets by Berbiguier, and the Pianoforte Works by Mozart: a Catalogue of which may be had gratis of all Book and Musicellers, and at the Warehouses of the firm.

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